

THE
Fatal Extravagance.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it was formerly acted at the Theatre
in LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

By *AARON HILL*, Esq;



L O N D O N:

Re-printed in the Year 1753, and sold by the Book-
sellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Bellmour Mr *Quin*,

Courtney Mr. *Boheme*,

Bargrave Mr. *Ogden*,

Louisa Mrs. *Seymour*.

Dramatis Personae.

Belmonte Mr. Quin

Comyns Mr. Hobbes



Burgrave Mr. Ogden

Louisa Mrs. Seymour

L

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A

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T H E
Fatal Extravagance.

SCENE BELLMOUR'S House.

Enter Louisa and Courtney.

Louisa,  **WAS** kind to this Speed of your
(Return. —
But, tell me,
What Succes had you? Was my
(Father mov'd?

Methinks, I read your News, in your sad Visage,
And my Heart trembles with prophetick Fears.

Courtney, 'Tis as I judg'd 'twou'd be — His
(own Wants press him;
He sinks beneath your Husband's wastful Life,
Those boundless Dicings, and voluptuous Riots,
And

And this last, worst, Adventure, of lost Hope,
Which has, at once, dissolv'd a Wealth so vast!
That Pity scarce vouchsafes to feel his Sufferings!

Lou. But his late Conduct proves my *Bellmour*
(chang'd :

Misfortunes have instructed him to *think*,
And *Thought* has captiv'd every madding Passion.
Court. Yet early Vice, by Custom long indulg'd,
Leaves such Impression of habitual Ill,
As finds no Cure, but from severe Remorse,
And Time's slow working.

Lou. Nay, name not *Bellmour's* Vice —
He has no Vice — His very Power is lost,
Even had he Taste for Follies — Poor and despis'd,
The Slaves, for whose curs'd Sakes he stands reproach'd,
Now shun his Converse. Villains, who betray'd him,
Start, when they meet him. Poverty, like his,
Spreads a Contagion round it. All Mankind
Cry "Lord have Mercy, and fly, frighted from him."
Did you lay open our incumbent Ruin?

Urg'd you my Father strongly? Want's cold Hand
Creeps o'er us, and 'tis now no Time for Counsel.

Court. I told him all, and mov'd his utmost Pity,
Still as he set, to view, your Husband's Failings,
I urg'd his Virtues and bore down the Ballance;
I prais'd his Wit, his Courage, his Humanity,
His fine frank Spirit, and his generous Nature:
But 'twas lost Hope — Believe, his brother knows

(him;
What he has done, already, weighs him down,
His struggling Will, to save you, has undone him,
And *Bellmour's* self wou'd there beg Aid, in Vain.

Lou.

Lou. O : he was never born to be a Beggar !
 Heaven is too kind to Goodness, to forsake him !
 He, whom soft Pity melts at other's Misery,
 Deserves, himself to live exempt from Woe.
Bellmour could ne'er behold a Stranger wretched,
 But he partook his Pain, 'till he cou'd ease it.
 How, then, will he support the weeping anguish,
 Of three poor Children, all undone by *Him* ?

Court. His Good, and ill so chequer out his Nature,
 That *which* excells, is doubtful. Nobly *will'd*,
 His pitying Heart flows out, in generous Purposes :
 But, wanting Power, to stem the Tide of Pleasure,
 Irresolute, he drives, and floats to Ruin.
 Men must be rigid, and severe, in Virtue !
 Serious, and noble Aims distinguish Reason !
 To live for Taste is not to live at all.
 The Man of Pleasure dreams away his Days,
 And dies, to be forgotten — *Bellmour's* Soul,
 Had Contemplation bent it to a Byas,
 Had given a Point to Fame's proud Pinacle,
 And purpled o'er his Name with deathless Glory !
 Now, it lies lost in Dust ! — I wou'd 'twere mine,
 To skreen you from the Storm, that's gathering round
 (you :

But I, unblest'd with Power, can only *wish*,
 And wonder, why the strong have feeble Wills.

Lou. Oh ! I shall tremble to behold his Face !
 His ruin'd Family hangs on his Heart,
 His helpless Children's future Fate distracts him,
 And the once lively *Bellmour* smiles no more.
 Silent, he walks, or stands with folded Arms,
 And still looks down, as if his Soul were Earth.
 If e'er, by chance, his lifted Eyes meet mine,
 The starting Tears glare dreadfully upon me,

And

And, quivering, struggle to flow loose in Sorrow.
 Then Sighs, suppress'd by Force, strive hard for
 (Vent,
 And heave, and swell, like Earthquakes, in his Bosom.
 Groaning, at length, he breaks, in Whirlwind, from
 (me,
 Torn by ten thousand Pangs, raves, reddens, starts,
 And frights me with a dreadful burst of Passions!

O Uncle! what remains for Hope to snatch at?
 Of all the wide Estate that late enclos'd us,
 But this poor House is left us — This too totters.
 Soon *Ruin*, with his palsied Hand, will seize
 This antient Pile, and shake it into Dust!
 Not thrice the Worth of all, that now is ours,
 Will save poor *Woodly* from that fatal Bond,
 He sign'd to serve my *Bellmour*, All our Hope
 Was in your friendly Journey to my Father.
Woodly must sink, and *Bellmour* cannot bear it.
Bellmour will never live, to sink a Friend!
 Look yonder, where, in pensive Grief, he walks,
 Unhoping, and disconsolate!

Cour. Poor *Bellmour* —
 How chang'd, from that wild, noisy, joyful Rioter,
 Which all his Friends have known him! Still extream

Enter Bellmour, walking Melancholly.

Lou. My Life & my *Bellmour*! woud not thus my
 (Soul,
 I have more Woes to bear, that are my own,
 Than my Strength matches — add not thou thy
 (Sorrow;
 That woud o'erwhelm me quite.

Bell. I pray forgive me.

Prison'd

Prison'd in Thought, I could not look about me,
And my Soul miss'd thy Comfort.—I was mu-
(sing;

Lou. What sad Reflection held you?

Bell. A mournful Wandering!

No matter now——

Lou. Nay you must tell it me.

Bell. I was considering which of my three Boys,
Some few Years hence, when I'm dissolv'd in Death,
Will act the Beggar best! run, bare-foot, fastest!
And, with most dextrous Shrugg, play Tricks for
(Charity!

Lou. O! for Haven's Sake, forbear, by Starts!
(like This,
To image Horrors, Nature shrinks at Thought of.

Bell. Why, my *Louisa*! tis a Wretch's Duty,
To learn to bear his Misery——to know it,
To use our selves to *poize* it, is the Means
To make it easie to us.——Yet I'm to blame!
Thou had'st no share, in any Guilt of mine;
I ought *alone* to suffer——'Twas too cruel,
'Twas even unmanly, to afflict thy Innocence!

Cour. Oh! Sir, you sooth the Grief you should
(resist!

As the gross Atmosphere is shook by Tempests,
Which never ruffle the superior Regions;

Mean Spirits, only, buckle under Woe;

It is the great Man's Pride to *combat* Fortune,
And rise against Oppression.

Bell. Sir, 'tis true——

And, I remember, you have oft advis'd it,
While I had Power, to try my Virtue's Proof.

A Man may *dye*, unhelp'd——but must not hope
To Conquer, without Arms.——Talking of Help,

B

Will

Will your good Brother lend it?—Speaking Silence!

How could I hope it from him?

Cour. Yet despair not——

A time may come, when even your Woes shall prove
Great Benefits. Firm Spirits break Misfortunes:
To suffer well's the noblest way to Conquest.
On a smooth Sea, the Sailor shows no Skill,
But he displays it *all*, in Hurricanes.

Bell. He wou'd not, sure, neglect to save his
(Daughter,
Had he the Power still left him——Yet Friends,
(sometimes,

Are more than Fathers! A Father *cannot* be
More than a Friend!—I had a Friend in *Woodly*!
Once he was happy—what he shall be *hereafter*,
He owes to friendless *Bellmour*! Perish the Name;
To what a stinging Death is he reserv'd,
Who leaves a good Man wretched, whom he *made* so?
Sir, it wou'd ease me of a galling Pain,
Wou'd you dissolve this disappointed Hope
In *Woodly's* Breast.——'Twere Sin to nourish it,
Since 'tis unstable——He must know it soon:
Let it be told by any Tongue, but *Bellmour's*.

Cour. I'll visit him this Instant,——Do you,
(mean while,
Bravely seek Comfort from a firm Belief,
That Heaven befriends your Virtues, and will save,
(you.
A Hand unseen these Clouds of Woe may clear,
And, into Triumph turn distracting Fear.

[Exit Courtney.

Bell. *Louisa* I am Damn'd, while yet alive!

Loui. Alas! what mean you to distract me thus
With your wild Startings? *Bell.*

Bell. Nay, but mark me well, —
Want's the Damnation of a living Sinner —
 What have I liv'd for, if I die a Beggar?
 Why were my Ancestors renown'd in *War*?
 Why, with grave Judges, have they grac'd the Bench,
 Or, with wise Votes, the Senate? — In *Me*, must
 (beg —
 Mark that lean Word, *Louisa*! — In *Me* must beg
 That ebbing Name, which, through a length of Ages,
 Has given a Kingdom Honour. Bear'st thou *That*!
 How excellent art Thou! not to have scorned me!
 Good Heaven! that Reason should give Madness way,
 'Till Man finds Musick, in a rattling Dice-box!
 And has contracted thrice three thousand Acres,
 To the curs'd Compass of a narrow Table!
 With what a thoughtless Rapture have I shook 'em
 Hung o'er the Throw! and hurl'd out my Posterity
 Pimps, Thieves, or Beggars! — But then at last,
 This Madman's Hazard! of my treasure'd Remnant,
 In the wild Lottery of a publick Hope,
 Where Reason had no Chance, and Villains govern'd,
 Curs'd! groundless, Rashness! — — Tear me Limb
 (from Limb,
 Some pitying Torturer! to die at once,
 Were Comfort even in Agony! — But I shall be
 Whole Ages *after* Death, in dying! — Villains,
 Dull, pitiless, insulting, dirty Villains,
 Will point at some poor ragged Child of mine,
 And say, 'There's Pride and Name! There's *Bell-*
mour's Honour!
 'There's the blest Remnant of a boasted Family!
 Curse the keen Thought! It pours all Hell upon me!
Lou. Still wilt thou, thus, snatch at Despair's wild
 Shadows?
 B 2 I thought

I thought, the manly Soul cou'd Smile at Anguish ;
 Woman's weak mind may bend beneath Adversity ;
 But *Belmour's* Brow, methinks, shou'd wear a Ma-
 (jesty,
 And make Affliction awful.

Bell. Away with Counsel.

I cannot hear Thee ! Thy moving Air ! thy wisdom !
 That Lovely Softness, which bewitches round Thee !
 Each charm, which has a thousand times appeas'd
 (me !
 Now makes me mad ! Like Oyl, pour'd out on
 (Flame,
 I tower, in Blaze, and burn with tenfold Fierce-
 (ness.
 Thy ev'ry word is Death ! Each look thou giv'st me
 Breaks thro' my Eye, comes rushing on my Soul,
 And shoots sharp Arrows, thro' my bleeding Con-
 science.

Think'st thou, I am so mean, so lost a Wretch,
 That my *own* Misery stings me ? Cruel Woman !
 What *earthly* Ills can *Belmour* stoop to fear,
 Which hurt *but Belmour* ? 'Tis true, indeed, *thy* Fate
 I have not learn'd to bear ——— *There*, Grief unmans
 (me

'Thine and thy helpless Infants Woes rise to me,
 Glare on my Apprehension, like pale Ghosts !
 And point me into madness ! ——— Oh ! I've wrong-
 (ed Thee !

Lou. 'Tis wronging me to say it !

Re-enter Courtney.

Bell. *Courtney* return'd so soon !
 I like not this ———

Lou. Why look you pale, good Uncle ?

Cour. To bring unwelcome Tidings, to the wretched,
 Gives

Gives the sad Teller half the Hearer's Woe.

Bell. Friendly Preparative ! What follows next
Can be but *Woodly's* Ruin !

Cour. He's undone ! —

Lou. Unhappy *Bellmour* !

Cour. Near your House I met him,
Hemm'd by a swarthy Guard of licens'd Villains,
The Laws grim Blood-Hounds. With rapacious Talons,
They dragg'd him on, in merciless Serenity,
To shut him from his Hopes, in joyless Prison !

Bell. Oh !

Cour. At short distance, near the Sycamore,
That marks the Turning to that now-fall'n House
Of this poor Gentleman, I saw his Lady,
Wild, with a Storm of Grief ! Her Hair dishevel'd !
And her loose Robes, blown, careless, by the Wind !
Struggling, with weeping Servants, to break free.
Fain would she follow him, to share Restraint :
But, by superior Force, held back, and hindered,
With straining Eyes, she kept him long in view ;
And, when a gushing Flood obscur'd her Sight,
Still more to lengthen out a last, sad, Look,
She wip'd away the Tears, and gaz'd, again !

Lou. Dreadful Description ! --- Close it here, good
(Uncle !

It cuts too deep, and wounds my *Bellmour's* Soul.

Cour. No more remains to tell, but, that his House
Is fill'd with Ruffians, his rich Goods torn down,
And his griev'd Wife, and Children, roam, unshelter'd,
Without a Home, to succour them.

Lou. O guide them hither

Let me, with open Arms, fly to receive them,
And strive, if possible, to give them Comfort.

Bell. *Louisa* ! — As thou wouldst preserve my Life,
Bring

Bring not their Grief too near me. --- My melting Soul
Flows into Air, as I but *hear* their Misery:

To *see* it, wou'd distract me. — *Said* he nothing?

Cour. Marking me, as I turn'd my Face aside,
He call'd, and counsell'd you to save yourself,
By sudden Flight: — Since other Ruffians, brought
By *Bargrave*, your malicious Creditor,
Will presently be here, on the same Purpose.

As for *my* Fate, said he, bid him not mourn it:
To fall for *Bellmour*, wou'd have given me Joy,
Had *Bellmour's* self not fall'n.

Bell. He falls indeed!

Cour. Now as I enter'd, *Bargrave*, just arriv'd,
With his infernal Crew, besets your Gates.
A barbarous Triumph glows on his proud Cheek,
And from beneath his Brows o'erjutting *Low'r*,
Malicious Insults grin, in hollow Ambush!

Lou. Now, *Bellmour*! thou art lost! — immediate ruin
Will swallow *Thee*, and *Me*, and our dear *Children*!
All! All! must sink, together. -- Teach us good Uncle!
Which way to fly — What measures to pursue,

Cour. The Doors, fast barr'd, are guarded by
(your Servants;
And you may thro' the Grove, escape, unseen.

Bell. No let him enter. -- This *Bargrave* taught me
(Vice,
And counsell'd even the Adventure, that undoes me!
He wrongs the Devil, who makes himself the Punisher
Of Ills, which he excited! Justice acts wisely!
Oh! She's *not* Blind. — She chuses a fit Moment,
And throws him on my Vengeance. Let him enter,
Bring he as many Lives, as he has Crimes,
May Curses catch me, if he scape my Hand!

Lou. As thou lov'st me, *Bellmour*! be not rash.

Should'st

Should'st thou add Murder to our other woes,
How wretched shou'd we be? —

Cour. Persuade him rather,
Sooth him to Pity: wou'd he free your Friend,
And add some weeks of Liberty, for Tryal,
what Succour may be found; you've many Friends:
who knows what unhop'd Aid may rise to save you?

Bell. No, *Courtney!* Friendship rises but with
(Fortune;

And sets when Men go downward, yet, I thank you.
Rage had obscur'd my Reason.—Say, to *Bargrave*,
I have an Offer for his private Ear. —

I will instruct my Swelling Indignation,
To cool, and settle, like a Courtier's Passions.
what cannot Interest teach us?

Exit Courtney.

Leave me, *Lottisa!*

I wou'd not have thee blast thy innocent Eyes,
with sight of such a monster. — Nor brook I well,
That thou, who hast been taught to love Sincerity,
Shou'd'st hear me flatter Infamy!

Lott. Do but think
'Tis for their Sakes, whom most you wish to Succour,
And you will find it easy. Farewell! he comes.

Exit Lottisa.

Enter Bargrave.

Bar. So Sir! I find, you make your House your
(Garrison!
Bold sowerfac'd Centinels admit, with Caution,
whom you vouchsafe your Pass to—'Tis great, indeed!
Girt, Sovereign-like, within your Palace walls,
The Law must beg Admission! But the Pride,
with which your State o'erlook'd me, will instruct me,
Till I find Means to reach you. — *Bell.*

Bell. I sent not for you
Thus to revive old Hatred. 'Twas my Meaning,
To set before your Eyes the spreading Misery,
From which a Week's short Respite may, perhaps,
Free *Woodly*, and my self, nor do you wrong.

Bar. Oh, Sir! no doubt, 'tis likely, that Seven Days
Will pay a Bond, which twice Seven Months, and more,
Has drawn no Interest from you! -- *Woodly* may claim
Some little Pity. — He's a suffering Tool,
Who Fasts to feed your Riots. But for you,
No Plea bears Influence. What a mass of Wealth
Loaded your Youth! The Toil of careful Ancestors!
And, how it is consum'd, let Thousands tell,
Whose lifted Eyes and Hands proclaim their wonder.
I dare not whisper it. -- Men wou'd think me Mad:
And laugh to hear, that the once liberal *Bellmour*
Is grown a Niggard, now; and like a Miser,
whines for a Day of Grace. -- And swears 'twill ruin him,
To pay his Creditors. -- Name it no more. --
Should it get wind, 'twou'd lower your tow'ring
(Top-Sails,
And lose you many a Cap, and Country Shout,
As you ride thro' the Villages.

Bell. Insulting wretch!
It grates my inmost Soul, to suffer this,
But my Friend's Fate depends on't. -- You seem'd to
(speak,
As if you pity'd *Woodly*. -- Give him Liberty:
And let me fill the Place, to which you've sent him;
I ask no more. --- For my own Miseriss,
Perhaps, they merit not. --- I'm sure, they scorn,
What Pity thou can'st give them. —

Bar. Oft, I remember,
Woodly, with zeal for holy Texts, transported,
Wou'd

wou'd preach, and cite Divinity.-- Dull! Dull!
 How cou'd he miss that Caution, which forbad him
 To be another's Surety? What comes after,
 He now, perhaps, has learnt.-- And will remember
 When, next, he talks, to edify.

Bell. Nay, then,
 Off, mean Hypocrisy! I'll make thee hear me,
 In Words, which match thy Malice. Think, low
 (Traytor!

How I, first, learn'd that Guilt, with which, but now,
 Thy Tongue reproach'd me! Who, but the Villain
 (Bargrave?

Bar. Ha! Villain! said you?

(offering to draw)

Bell. Yes, the Villain Bargrave.—

Touch not thy Sword.—Should'st thou unsheath it, here,
 Thy Guardian Devil, too weak to save his Minister,
 Should rise, in vain, betwixt us!

Bar. I'll hear thee out.—

Bell. Who, but thy self, spread all those Snares
 (about me,

Which, first, entangling, next o'erthrew my Virtue?
 Who stain'd the Native Whiteness of my Soul,
 And spotted it with Follies? Think, how this Bond,
 Was fraudulently, and, by shameful Arts,
 Won from my clouded Reason! when the Fumes,
 Of madding wine, had warm'd my yielding Fancy,
 Fit for a Knave's Impression!—Hast thou Humanity?
 And dost not feel a Ruin thou hast caus'd?
 Hast thou Reflection? and canst thou sleep, unstung,
 By guilty Startings, and remorseful Dreams?
 Or have the Fiends, that haunt thy gloomy Bosom,
 Unhumaniz'd thy Heart? fear'd up thy Conscience?
 And left all Devil within thee?—

Bar. Now take Breath:

C

And

And hear me tell the Effect of this fine Pleading,
 I find myself, with all these black Endowments,
 Your Master, and your Scourge. But that I scorn thee,
 I could be angry. Mark this silent witness:
 Look on this Bond.--And curse the woeful Hour,
 That gave thy Friend, and thee, to my Disposal.
 I'll leave our wives, to *scold* the Quarrel out,
 while I seek Vengeance not from words, but Action.

(He attempts to go out.)

Bell. By Action! didst thou say? I thank thee,
(Bargrave!)

Thou hast instructed Me. -- That fatal Bond
 Shall never rise, in Judgment, against *Woodly*.

*(Drawing his Sword, and putting
 himself before the Door.)*

Just Heav'n, that hates Oppression points a Way,
 To ease my wretchedness of half its Load,
 By cutting thro' that Chain, that binds my Friend.
 Now if thou dar'st defend thy Villainies,
 Unsheath thy Sword, and to this guarded Door,
 Force thy wish'd Passage, thro' the Breast of *Bellmour*.

(They fight and Bargrave falls.)

Bar. Curses consume that all destroying Hand,
 'Spite of my wish'd Revenge, thou wilt escape me:
 No Heir survives, to put the Bond in Proof,
 And *Woodly*, and thy self, are free again. *(He dies.)*

Enter Courtney, surpriz'd: And Louisa, at another
 Door.

Cour. What have you done? I fear'd this rash
(Effect)
 Of Rage, but half suppress'd. And waited near:
 But an Attempt, you Blood-hounds made without,
 To force an Entrance, call'd me off too fatally!

Lou. Was this, my *Bellmour*? Speak, was this the way
 To

To ease our Wretchedness? Oh! this black Chance
Sinks us still deeper, Cuts us off from Comfort,
And we can never, now, be happy more!

Bell. Courtney! 'twere vain to wish this Act undone.
Scarce can it claim Repentance. — Secret and sudden,
Let me entreat thee, to convey this Parchment

(Taking the Bond from Bargrave's Pocket.)

Into my *Woodly's* Hand. — Say how it happen'd:
Tell him, whatever Fate may do with me,
I'm bless'd, to give him Freedom.

Cour. Guard the Doors well. — There's Danger
(near :
And I'll not leave you long.

Exit Courtney.

Lou. Fly; for Heaven's sake, begone,
One Hour's delay prevents Escape for ever.

Bell. What woud'st thou have me do?

Lou. Let me disguise thee. —

Then thro' the Grove, hast; and, in some poor Cottage,
Entreat a short Concealment. — There, I'll find thee,
And we'll consult Relief from all our Woes.

Bell. Fix'd as my Fate, I stand, unmov'd to
I'll not stir hence, by Heav'n. (expect it.

Lou. Oh! do not swear!

Think, how my Peace of Mind, my Hope, my Misery,
Depends on Thine. — Thus, on my Knees, I urge it,
Thou, being free, may'st find a thousand Ways,

To succour us; but if *thou* fall'st, a Family,
A Lost! a Friendless Family falls with thee.

Oh! if I ever was belov'd by *Bellmour*,
If all my Pray'rs, my Vows, my Tears, can move him,
Let him but grant me this. — Let him but leave me,
Rain then a world of Woes upon my Head!

Let want, reproach, contempt, and all Life's Agonies

In ceaseless Bitterness of Soul, afflict me,
While *thou* art safe, if I but let one *Sigh*,
One *Breath* of Discontent escape my Lips,
Curse me *thy self*, and make me lost, indeed.

Bell. Excellent Woman! — rise. — To see thee *thus*
Is Torture beyond bearing!

Lou. I will not leave thee. —
Here, at thy Feet, thus humbled, as that Dust,
Which I shall shortly be, when I have lost thee,
Here will I grow for ever, till thou grant'st
This only Pray'r I make thee. —

Bell. Thou bidst me *fly*:
What would'st thou I should fly from?

Lou. Danger and Misery.

Bell. With whom then must I *leave* that Misery?
Must not thyself, and those Three friendless Wretches,
whose Being I was the Cause of, and who expect
Aid and Protection from a Parent's Hand?
while I escape, must you not all be left?
Hell glows in that hot Thought! be left expos'd
To all the Miseries, which thou would'st have me
Fly, like a Coward from, and leave for Innocents,
who owe'em to my Baseness! no! — My *Louisa*,
Wretch, as I *have* been, I'm not fall'n so low!

Lou. [*rising*] Lost, Lost, for ever:

Bell. No, there's a Judge on high,
Who sees, and loves thy Goodness. — Let me entreat
(thee,
To give my Sorrows way, for a few Moments.
A Solitary Thought! a Turn or two,
Uninterrupted, in the Gallery,
Will teach me to resolve, and then I'll call thee.

Exit Bellmour.

Lou.

Lou. Angels assist and guide thy silent *Rea-*
(sonings,
 And from this Labyrinth of Woes, unwind thee
 Dismal our Prospect! yet all may be well!
 Heav'n cannot err ——— oft guides us in the
(Dark——
 And, when we least expect affords Relief.

As thro' black storms of Wind, and driving Rain,
 Short, Sunny Beamings streak the harrass'd Main,
 So, thro' deep Sorrows, Gleams of Comfort rise,
 And spread smooth Heavens before the Sufferers

(Eyes.

[Exit Louisa,

SCENE changes to a Gallery.

Enter Bellmour, alone, Pensive.

Bell. Why shou'd I pause! Nothing can be a Crime
 Which puts a stop to Evil. A thousand Men
 May have been poor as I,—and yet liv'd happy;
Miseries, we make our selves, are born with Ease;
 But He who beggars his Posterity,
 Begets a Race, to curse him ——— Profuse in Ills,
 He, Propagating Ruin, with his Name,
 Entails Descent of Anguish! ——— Every Scorn,
 which wrings the Soul of any future Bellmour,
 whom want shall pinch the Bones of, Ages hence,
 will mark, with Shame, my unforgotten Grave,
 And reach my guilty Soul, where'er it wanders
 ——— If to give Misery to those, to whom
 we once gave Life, is an inhuman Crime
 How can it be a Sin, to take Life back,

And

And put an End to Misery? To live,
 Is to be rack'd, if Life must still be poor:
 For Poverty gives up the Wife Man's Worth,
 To the Contempt of tasteless Ignorance.
 Oh!———Cou'd I feel no Misery, but my own!
 How easy were it for this Sword, to free me,
 From all that Anguish, which embitters Life!
 But, when the Grave has given *my Sorrows Rest*,
 Where shall my miserable *wife* find Comfort!
 Unfriended, and alone, in Want's bleak Storm,
 Not all the Angelic Virtues of her Mind,
 Will shield her from the unpitied World's Derision.
 Can it be kind to leave her so expos'd,
 And, while I sleep in Death, not dream of *Her*!
 Better a thousand Times, to lead her *with me*,
 Thro' the dark Doubtfulness of deep *Futurity*!
 Whate'er uncertain Fate attends, hereafter,
 It can but be the worst of what is bad,
 And that's our State, already.——It shall be done!
 But how? That asks some Thought——Death, in
 Comes soft, and sweetly, as an Infant's Sleep,
 When Nature, unalarm'd, expects it not.
 From those dear, destin'd Breasts, the pointed Steel,
 Must draw no Blood, to stain my blushing Hand;
 Lest my Soul start, and that seem Cruelty,
 Which I wou'd fain think Pity.——Hark! The
 (Time presses me
 (Loud Knockings without.)
 What if I use th' unwounding Aid of Poison?
 I have at Hand that Sovereign Remedy,
 For all Diseases, Want and Woe can plague with.——
 Mix'd with some unfeard Draught 'twill gently
 (Murder:
 Bear

Bear off Death's painful Edge, and, in sweet Slumber,
Swim soft, and shadowy, o'er the misty Eye-ball.

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Will you forgive me, if Officious Love,
That anxious Pain I feel, till you are safe,
Obtrudes my Zeal, perhaps a few short Moments,
Before you wou'd have wish'd to be disturb'd?
Yon Villains grow impatient for Admission,
And scarce your Servants guard the Gates against
(them.

Storms of bold Oaths, and horrible Reproaches,
Mix'd with loud Thunderings, and the Threats of
(Law,

Make my Heart tremble, and have forc'd me hither,
Forc'd me to urge you, by all Ties of Love,
Of Interest, Honour, Hope, and future Happiness,
To fly this dangerous Roof, and save us All.

Bell. I thank thy gentle Care—— It is resolv'd.
I have bethought me of a Means, to evade
The Malice of my Fortune —— 'Twill be a Jour-
(ney,

A little longer, than thy Love could wish it;
Yet not so far, but we shall meet again.

Lou. Oh! be the Distance wide, as Pole from Pole,
Ler me but follow Thee, and I am bless'd.

Bell. It shall be so, *Louisa.*

Lou. A thousand Angels
Spread their Wings o'er thee, and protect thy Steps,
Now thou art kind! ——— But the dear little ones,
Shall *They* go too?

Bell. All! all! shall go!

Lou. Hast then,

Let

Let us be gone ——— my bounding Heart leaps joy-
 And I shall smile again ——— But ah me ! *Bellmour !*
 They are so Young ; so Tender ! is it possible,
 That they should travel with us ?

Bell. Moving innocence !
 My strong Heart bleeds within me, at her Accents !
 A few short steps will lodge us in a Place,

Of Rest and Safety. ——— we shall have Leisure there,
 To weigh our future Hopes, and seek fit means,
 To our wish'd end. ——— *Courtney* will soon return ;
 Said he not so ?

Lou. He did, and we'll inform him
 Of our new Purpose, and begin our Flight.
 I'll make Provision, such as best befits
 Our Haste, and our Distresses. *[She is going.]*

Bell. Stay, *Louisa !*
 Those boasted Cordials, the *French Marquis* sent me,
 Gave I to Thee, or no ?

Lou. You spoke of such —
 But still forgot to give 'em me ——— and now,
 They're not worth Memory ———

Bell. Nay, now, most useful !
 Their Virtue is reported Sovereign,
 Against the Body's Toil, or Mind's Disturbance.

Lou. Wou'd *Courtney* were come.
(Exeunt severally.)

Enter Courtney, alone.

Court. Strange ! that a Man should linger thus in
 (Peril !
 The

The pointed Sword, that, by a slender Hair;
 Hung o'er the Head of *Damocles*, was *Shadow*
 To *Bellmour's* solid Danger. — I was told
 He walks this way ———. I'll trace the Gallery
 (round,

And urge him to escape ——— Few Minutes more
 May spread a Crowd of Eyes on every side,
 And fatally prevent him.

Exit.

Re-enter Bellmour.

Bell. My baleful Hand, has mix'd the deadly
 (Draught,
 To give it as a Cordial ——— Give it! *whome?*
 Start from thy burning Orb, thou conscious Sun,
 And chill thy self to Frost at my black Purpose,
 Am I a Parent? a Protector? Lover?
 Or has this Devil, that heaves about my Heart,
 Transform'd me to a Fiend? *He has! He has!*
 Chain him, some Angel, millions of Fathoms down;
 Heap him with Mountains, lest, he rise again,
 And in a Husband's and a Father's Breast,
 Brew horrid Murders! ——— I am my self, once
 (more—

Now let cool Reason's undistracted Search
 Answer my bleeding Soul, *which* dreadful Ill
 May best be born by Nature ——— To leave out
 (Friends,
 To grinding Sorrow, Poverty and Scorn,
 With sense of his not feeling *any* Pain,
 Who gave them all; ——— or, to quit Life together,
 And, wanting Pow'r to *bless*, make it *some* Merit,
 Not to leave *Curses* to Surviving Innocence!
 I'm mad again ——— Reason her self betrays me,

D

And

And whispers, that this *last* is Cruelty,
And Murder grows a Mercy! ———

Enter Louisa.

Lou. Found you the Cordial?
Your little wanderers are ready dress'd
To act the Pilgrim with us; perhaps 'twill aid
Their Fainting Spirits, yet untried in Hardships.

Bell. I cannot move ——— my Feet bound down,
(by Nature,

Rebel against my Heart. ——— Oh! If one Moment,
One short *Thought* longer, She oppresses me, thus,
With melting, Innocent, *Talk* ——— I shall grow
(Soft,
Yield her to *Want*, and live to be a Beggar.

Lou. Still you are doubtful ——— *aside.*

Bell. No — no — I'm fix'd ——— Oh! Nature!

[aside]
I left my Closet open, ——— on a Table,
In that Gold Cup, which was thy Father's Present,
When thy first Favourite Boy's last Birth-Day came,
Thou'lt find the fittest Cordial ——— I try'd 'em all,
And what seem'd poperest, for the Boys and Thee,
Waits, in that Cup, thy tasting.

Lou. *Courtney* stays Long. ———

All things are ready, and I wish him here.

Now for this boasted Cordial ———

[Exit.

Bell. Be firm, my Heart! ———
Stop thy big Beat! Thaw, thaw this curdling Blood,
That, thro' my Icy Veins, creeps, cold as Death,
And freezes in its Passage. ——— Where is *Louisa*?

But

But a few Moments, and she is no more !
 Now ! now ! the unsuspecting Innocent
 Lifts that last Cup ——— Now, now, She tastes a
 (Draught,

That snatches her, for ever, from my Sight,
 And robs me of her Comfort ! Never more,
 Shall her sweet Voice *enchant* me ! Never more,
 Shall her soft Eyes look fondly into mine,
 And *shine* with swimming Languor ——— Never,
 never,

Will her unwearied wit beguile my Cares,
 Or hush me *more* to Peace, when Passion shakes
 me !

Open, engulph me, and conceal my Shame
 Befriending Earth ! ——— Or, from thy yawning
 (Depth

Stream up a Night of Gloom, to blot out Memory,
 And darken o'er Reflection ! ——— I feel my Blood
 Cool, and grow *thick*, as melted Lead flows heavy,
 And hardens, in it's motion ——— A little longer,
 And I, who have a Heart, already Marble,
 Shall petrify *throughout*, and be a Statue !

Lou. My Life ! my Bellmour ! [within

Bell. Ha ! 'tis her Voice that calls me —
 It founded not reproachful,

Lou. Look, look my Bellmour ! [within
 These little Strugglers will not quit the Cordial,
 But Sip it to the Bottom ———

Bell. Torturing Horror ——— [aside

Enter Louisa, with an empty Cup.

Lou. How cou'd you be so rigid, not to com',
 When I twice call'd you ? 'Twou'd have been a

(Scene
 Of

Of Pleasure, to observe with how much Eagerness,
 The little Wranglers quarrell'd for the Cup,
 Which, having drank, my self, I brought to *Them*.
 I bid 'em *Taste* it only—and told the Praters,
 It was their Father's Present: But that word
 Transported them, to lift their pretty Hands,
 And brought a *War* about me——

Bell. Furies tear me!——

Lou. Did you not give Permission they should
 taste it?

E're they began the Journey!

Bell Alas! *Louisa*!

A Long, long Journey is, indeed! begun,
 But endless, as Eternity——Thy self,
 And those dear Infants,——are *poison'd* by that
 (Cordial.

Lou. Poison'd! by *Thee*? Thou sayst it but to try
 (me!

If 'twere thy Wish that I should die, thy *Love*,——
 At least, thy *Pity*, wou'd have given some *Warning*.
 Death is a dreadful Journey, and requires
 Much length of Preparation.——

Bell. By those Charms,
 Which I no more must gaze on, and be bless'd,
 Thou can'st not live an Hour——A last, long Sleep
 Will steal, in cold Advances, o'er thy Beauties,
 And those two beamy Suns, which sparkle on me,
 Anon, shall set in *Death*——Even, while we talk,
 The eternal Shade will rise, at once, between us,
 And sever us for ever.

Lou. Dreadful Contraction!
 Of that short Span, which at its longest stretch,
 Was much too narrow, to allow me Scope,
 To *spea*k, or *look*, or *think*, my Love, for *Thee*:

VVhat

What shall I say? — A thousand tender Thoughts,
 Struggle, at once, for Vent. — I cannot speak —
 Death is too hasty — I have yet, *undone*,
Unspoke unbought, a thousand weighty Things!
 O! Heaven! my *Little ones*! — Let me fly to
 them!

Have I so short a time to gaze upon them?
 Yet ne'er must see 'em more! — I cannot leave
 (Thee.

What shall I do? — O Bring my Children hither;
 Fly with 'em to my Arms! — Dear dying, Inno-
 (cents!

Oh! *Bellmour!* *Bellmour!* Why has this been done?

Bell. That we might baffle Woe, and die together —
 And leave no Beggars of our Race behind us.
 See! my *Louisa!* I have a faithful Guide

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

That will not let me lose thee — (*Stabs himself.*

Lou. Oh! cruel *Bellmour!*

What hast thou done? — Now, I am kill'd indeed!
 Help, help, — Oh! Uncle! what a dreadful
 (Scene

Are you return'd to?

Enter Courtney.

Court. I have heard it all —
 And had not that conceal'd, undreamt of, *Dagger*,
 Prevented my near Vigilance, had sav'd
 Unhappy *Bellmour.* —

Bell. Not unhappy, now —
 We slide, united, from the Woes of Life,
 And Want's too slow to reach us, —

Court. Mistaken Man!

The

The Hand of Heaven, how'er, from mortal Eyes,
Obscur'd in Clouds, still points direct at Justice!
Not thy three Children, nor thy guiltless Wife,
But Thou, alone, art fallen! whose single Crime
Drew down a single Vengeance!

Lou. Alas! what mean you?—

Bell. Thou little know'st the deadly Means I us'd,
If thou conceiv'st me frustrated——

Court. Hear, then, with Wonder——
And, trembling, mark the mazy Paths of Providence.

Seeking you on the Gallery's Garden Side,
I, in your Closet, spy'd a late fill'd Cup,
With a small Vial near it.—— To the Neck
There hung a Label.—— By the Name, inscrib'd,
I saw, with sad surprize, it had held Poison.

Concluding, you had newly mingled it,
With that rich Draught it stood by —— From a
(Window,
I threw it on the Garden —— refill'd the Cup,
Without its deadly mixture —— and stood, con-
(ceal'd,
To watch what happen'd —— when *Lottisa* came,
And snatch'd it thence, I follow'd her, unmark'd,
Pleas'd to have been a means, to intercept
Hers, and her Childrens Death. —— The Rest, you
(know too well.

Bell. Angels Surround thee, with unceasing Vigi-
(lance,
And, for this Friendship, ward off every evil.
Oh! I have err'd! ——

Lou. Oh! too, too, partial Blessing!

Faint

Faint Sweet! with more than poysonous Bitter
 (mix'd
 Now *Bellmour*! tell me ——— was it not a crime,
 To distrust Heaven? Else thou hadst liv'd ——— and
 (then,
 We had all, perhaps, been blest.

Cour. You had, indeed!

By a young Kinsman, landed, from a Ship,
 That left her Comfort scarce a Day behind,
Woadly has heard suprizing News ——— your Bro-
 (ther,

Absent, so many Years, and long thought Dead,
 Returning, Rich, from the remotest East,
 Dy'd but in sight of Land, and has be'queath'd,
 His whole, heap'd, wealth, to *Bellmour*.

Bell. Heaven! I adore thee!

Would I had trusted thy Eternal Wisdom,
 Thou best canst clear thy Mystic Dispensations,
 And make Confusion end in beauteous Order.
 Oh thou art Just! and dreadful is thy Conduct;
 Punish'd, with this Severity of Justice,
 I feel, and own, thy Mercy ——— Now, live *Louisa*!
 Live, and be happy ——— and forget ——— thy
 (*Bellmour.*

Lou. Oh!

Cour. Alas! She faints ——— This Sudden Turn of
 Terror,

Rushes too strong, to be withstood by Nature.
 Pl! call her Women, to her Aid, and watch her,
 Till Time, and Thought, by slow Degrees, bring
 (Comfort.
 From

From this sad Story let Observers know
That early Riot ends in lasting Woe.

Mean, and Ignoble, Pleasures break the mind;
Un-nerve our Judgement and our Reason blind;
Till Heaven o'ertakes Us, with some dreadful

(Fate,
And the touch'd Soul grows sensible, too late.

Woe's a young Kinsman, loaded, from a Ship,
That left her Consort scarce a Day behind;
Woe's a young Kinsman, loaded, from a Ship,
(cher,

Absent so many Years, and long thought Dead,
Returning, Rich, from the remote East,
Dy'd but in light of Love, and was repurchas'd,
His whole, happy, happy, Billows.

Now, Heaven, I adore thee
Would I had trusted thy Eternal Will,
Then best couldst clear thy Mind, the Disposition,
And make Condition end in beautiful Order.
Oh thou art just, and dreadful is thy Conduct;
Punish'd, with this severity of Justice,

I feel, and own, the M. Now, the Love, the Love,
Live, and the M. Now, the Love, the Love,

Believe, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

Terror, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

Rushes too strong, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

I'll call her Women, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

Till Time, and Thought, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

(Comfort, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

From, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love, the Love,

